

The Weekly Museum.

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The VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

A true Story.

THOSE who have lived some considerable time in the world must have remarked the strange vicissitudes of fortune; persons of the greatest intrinsic merit, and highest accomplishments sunk at once from ease and affluence to penury and sorrow; and others rising as suddenly, from the very dregs of the people, to splendor, rank and honours. These changes often attend one and the same person, so that no one can have any certainty of continuing long in the present states: yet such is the force of innocence and virtue that those who possess them will find comfort in the greatest abasement; whilst those who are destitute of those consolations, will not enjoy the most flattering gifts of fortune with ease and content. The truth of these remarks will be evinced by the following true history.

At the age of fifteen Lydia Morton, lost a dear and tender mother, who had instilled into her only surviving child the principles of virtue and honour, founding them on the firmest basis, rational piety. Her affectionate father, who had spared neither pains nor expence to procure for his darling Lydia every accomplishment, befitting a female, when he lost his wife, transferred the whole sum of his love and regard to his daughter; and seemed to redouble his care and affection. As he was but forty years old when he became a widower, it was thought by many that he would console himself for the death of one wife in the arms of another. To this he was strongly urged by many of his friends—but no, said he, clasping his Lydia in his arms; this is the only wife I will ever embrace, she is my child, my friend, and my wife. No my darling! no step-mother shall ever frown on the child of my dear, dead Maria; thy tender father will supply her place and add the mother's attention to his own.

Lydia, although she felt her loss most severely, yet received great comfort from those endearing expressions of her surviving parent; they mutually strove to diminish each other's sorrow, and so far succeeded, that in the space of six months, though they never ceased from a tender remembrance of Mrs. Morton, yet resignation to the will of Heaven, produced a calm, that bordered on happiness.

One whole year had the father and daughter lived comforts to each other; for one whole year the hours and days had passed in tranquility, and Lydia thought her happiness secure, when she was destined to feel the common lot of human nature, a reverse of fortune, and aggravated sorrow.

Mr. Morton was the younger brother of a noble family, and having received at his father's death a younger brother's portion, had employed it in commerce. His integrity had procured him many friends, and his industry had been so crowned with success that he had lodged six thousand pounds in the funds for his dear Lydia. This sum, with what he hoped to be able to accumulate by commerce (in the exercise of which he still continued) and might leave her at his

death, he thought would enable him to expect at her marriage a settlement that might secure an independence during her life. As she had now passed her sixteenth year and was both beautiful and accomplished, he seriously thought on a proper husband for her. Several he had recommended, but resolved never to let her give her hand without her heart accompanied it; though she sincerely esteemed some of them, not one but what was indifferent to her in the light of an husband. She had not yet seen any man that had touched her heart, and she felt not the least inclination to alter a condition in which she was happy.

Mr. Morton had a brother, Sir Robert Morton, who possessed the family estate and title, and was two years older than Lydia's father. He had led a life of pleasure that prevented him from thinking of marriage; and indeed having constantly consoled with the worst part of the female sex, he had contrasted such a bad opinion of the whole that he would never venture on a wife. His excesses and dissantries had bro't on a premature old age, and rendered him so emaciated and debilitated that he was advised to go over to Lisbon, to try if the salutary air of that city, would restore that health which he had wantonly destroyed. It might have had that good effect, if Sir Robert had not, on the slightest cessation of illness, plunged again into intemperance. The stamina of life were totally destroyed, and after two years residence in Lisbon, his physicians plainly told him to settle his affairs, for he had not a month to live. Although for some years Sir Robert had been smoothing the path for the approach of death, yet when he found it so near he was greatly shocked. He wrote in haste to his brother, told him the fatal news, and requested him to come to him with the utmost speed.

Mr. Morton as next heir, thought it highly necessary to obey the summons. As the pursuits of the two brothers had been very different, they had had little intercourse but by letters for above ten years; yet they retained a brotherly affection for each other, Mr. Morton had frequently remonstrated to Sir Robert on his course of life, but his representations had no effect; absorbed in pleasure, the baronet regarded his brother as an honest well meaning fellow, who was destitute of spirit, and whose notions of life had been contracted by trade.

Hasty as the summons was, Mr. Morton could not obey it without making some arrangements. In respect to his business, that was quickly settled; it was left in the hands of Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of about fifty, whose abilities and integrity had been proved by a sixteen years residence in the house, and who Mr. Morton had lately taken into the firm. But it regarded to Lydia, the arrangement was not so easy. As Mr. Morton intended to be absent no longer than whilst he could settle every thing after Sir Robert's death, he did not chuse to take her with him; more especially as it was then the dead of winter, and he feared the voyage would be tempestuous. He did not chuse neither to leave her

in his own house in which there was no female but servants, she could have no companion of her sex. He therefore resolved to place her with his late wife's sister, Mrs. Tyrrel, a woman of about fifty, who had been some years the widow of a Mr. Tyrrel, a gentleman of six hundred a year, which she held as guardian to her son, then a young lad in the college.

Mrs. Tyrrel had always expressed the greatest affection for her niece; and Mr. Morton thinking he should give pleasure to both committed Lydia to her care without the least reluctance. He made his will, which he left sealed in the hands of Mr. Spencer, and embarked the fourth day after he had received his brother's letter.

It would be superfluous to say that the parting of a father and daughter, who had never before been separated, and tenderly loved each other, was affecting, Lydia melted into tears and felt what she called, strange forebodings of evil. But Mr. Morton cheered her with the assurance constantly writing to her; and not being absent above six weeks or two months at the most.

Mrs. Tyrrel's residence was at a pleasant villa not above six miles from the capital. Thither Lydia went, and her aunt omitted nothing that might alleviate her grief for her father's absence, or give her amusement. Letters came frequently from Lisbon, each mentioning a nearer approach to the death of Sir Robert; and in about a month Mr. Morton wrote that his brother had paid the debt of nature; that he had succeeded to the title and paternal estate; that Robert had bequeathed most of his ready money, and moveables to Lydia; and that he would set out on his return in about a week. He also wrote to Mr. Spencer that when he came back he would dispose of all his mercantile effects, give up his business; and occupy himself for the rest of his days with the happiness of his child.

Lydia felt the greatest pleasure at the receipt of those letters, another came by the next packet acquainting her that he should depart from Lisbon the next day in the Endeavour, a stout merchant ship, so that they might expect him in a few days. Mrs. Tyrrel expressed the greatest satisfaction, and Lydia waited with the eagrest expectation for the happy hour that would bring her father, now Sir William Morton to her arms—She waited indeed—day followed day—week succeeded week, but no Endeavour arrived, no father appeared—three months passed in constant and encroaching anxiety, yet no news of either. Doubt and suspense are of all situations the most distressing. It is better to know the worst that can happen than to be in uncertainty, dreading every thing, and yet not knowing what to dread—poor Lydia was in this state, and was completely wretched, letters had been written to divers places and to several people; the wife of the Captain, and the owners of the ship were equally ignorant of its fate.

Lydia was almost in despair—but not so Mrs. Tyrrel, she inwardly rejoiced—she formed great expectations, and had laid her plans accordingly. We often see the children of the same parents very opposite to each other in tempers, abilities,

degrees and inclinations; some adhere to virtue, and others are slaves to vice. It was so with the first two brothers that were in the world, and so it was with the two sisters, the late Mrs. Morton, and the present Mrs. Tyrrel. The first was beautiful in her form, mild, complaisant, generous and truly virtuous. The second was very ordinary in her person, violent, malevolent, selfish, and capable of every action that could rend to her own pleasure, profit or advantage: yet so perfect a mistress of dissimulation that she preferred a specious, outside, and veiled her vices and disposition with an almost an impenetrable hypocrisy. Mr. Morton was so far deceived that he thought her as amiable, except in her form, as his dear wife. Lydia had every reason hitherto to be fond of her aunt, whose attentions were unremitting, who seemed to prevent every wish, and whose tenderness and affection appeared to increase in proportion as Lydia's doubts and anxieties augmented.

It has already been observed that Mrs. Tyrrel had a son at college, a youth who engrossed all his mother's love; and in him she believed a second self, for he inherited every evil quality of his parents.

From the first failure of letters from Sir William Morton; from the moment there could commence any doubt of his safety, Mrs. Tyrrel began to form her plan to turn the event to her own advantage. She had sent for her son home from college, and ordered him to be particularly affiduous to Miss Lydia. The youth obeyed his mother, and sought every opportunity of making himself agreeable to his cousin. Her beauty and accomplishments would have been sufficient incitements, but the knowledge that Mrs. Tyrrel and her son had of the wealth that would descend to Lydia on her father's death (which was greatly augmented by the estate of the late Sir Robert Morton) was an additional spur to their united endeavours to make the whole centre with them.

[To be Continued in our next.]



THE FLEETNESS OF TIME.

SIXTY years hence! few, very few, who are now twenty years of age, will be found! What a melancholy truth! But a truth it is—A stubborn fact!—And what is more melancholy, many, very many of the lively actors on the stage of life at the present day, shall make their exit long ere sixty years "have roll'd away."—Sixty years! Could we but be sure of sixty years, what are they?—A tale that is told—A dream—An empty sound, that passeth on the wings of the wind away, and is forgotten. Years shorten as man advanceth in age. Like the degrees in longitude, man's life decreaseth as we travel towards the frozen pole, until it dwindleth to a point and vanisheth forever. Is it possible that Life is of so short duration! Will sixty years destroy all the names over the doors, in the cities and towns of this flourishing country, and place new ones in their stead? Will all the blooming beauties, who now appear more than mortal, fade and disappear in sixty years?—Can it be the fate of the bucks and beaus, who now flaunt with finest powder on their heads, in sixty years to be powdered with dust and ASHES?—Alas! it can, and most assuredly will be so.—"Sixty years, (says Death, grinning a ghastly smile,) do you think I am going to starve sixty years? Not I! This very day, before the sun reaches the margin of the west, thousands of belles and beaus, besides numerous old men and babes, shall be sacrificed to feed, not to fill, my ever empty maw."

THE NEW BOW WOW

As sung by Mr. HODGKINSON at the Theatre in this city.

HERE's a nice new bow wow,
I pray you'll all attend to it;
Each staunch two-legged dog,
I'm sure will be a friend to it:
For now wows they are to be found
In ev'ry situation,
Since puppies are the produce, firs,
Of ev'ry state and nation.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Senators are barking dogs,
They'll prate about their favings;
But now and then they'll snatch a bone
To gratify their cravings:
Physicians they are knowing dogs.
They'll give you healing balms, firs,
But first,—or else your caſe is hard,
You tickle well their palms, firs,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Churchmen they are surly dogs,
Look out for good protectorip;
The Curate, (fly dog) keeps an eye
On that nice bone, the Rectorship;
The Rector he will bow wow on,
And snarl at all bad men, firs,
But made a Bishop—runs to kennel,
Ne'er to bark again, firs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Landlord he's a cheating dog,
He'll score up two for one, firs,
The flat'ters they are fawning dogs,
They'll lick you till, undone firs:
The Bailiff he's a catching dog;
'Gainst him I'd have you guard, firs,
For if his paw he claps on you.
He nips you d—lith hard! firs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Batchelors are sulky dogs.—
Dar'n't wed, so cursed jealous:
Th' OLD MAIDS turn up their eyes and cry
"Ods curse the nasty fellows."
The Misers they are flingy dogs,
They filch an inch of candle:
The Coxcombs they are lap-dogs
For pretty maids to dandle,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Play-House is a pointer's stand,
Tho' sometimes quite run lame, firs.
The Managers are setting dogs
To hunt you various game, firs:
The Actors they are mongrel dogs
With words as sweet as honey, firs,
But if you don't take care—away,
They'll prattle all your money, firs,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Sailors they are herty dogs,
With lives made of all weathers,
For come whatever storms there may,
They've hearts as light as feathers,
The Lawyers they are grey-hound dogs,
They'll run you quickly down, firs:
Sooner than start a race with them,
You'd better—hang or drown, firs.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There's a dog I've not mention'd
Who trembles with fear, firs,
Left he should give offence
To any person here, firs;
You'll easly guess who 'tis I mean,
He's not much unlike me, firs;
For him, with gratitude I bow
To all whom here I see, firs,

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

SINGULAR PUNISHMENT

OF A PHYSICIAN, ACCUSED OF WANT OF SKILL.
TOWARDS the fifteenth century, Lorenzo de Medicis, of Florence, died of a disease, which it is probable might have been cured, had not Leoni, a celebrated physician of Spoleto, left too much to the powers of Nature, by avoiding the aid of medicine. Lazaro, an inhabitant of Pavia, equally celebrated for medical skill with Leoni, having made this error publicly known, raised the resentment of the deceased prince's friends to so high a pitch, that at length it prove fatal to the physician. For Pietro, son to Lorenzo, a youth who, but seventeen years, old was able to overcome the most expert wrestler, happening to meet the unfortunate physician, near the brink of a deep well, grafted him with such adroitness and *GOOD WILL*, that he sent him headlong into the water; where being old and feeble, he was instantly suffocated.



SINGULAR SERMON.

A Learned friar in Italy, famous for his piety and knowledge and mankind, being commanded to preach before the pope, at the year of jubilee, repaired to Rome a good while before the day appointed to see the manner of the conclave, and to accommodate his sermon the better to the solemnity of the occasion. At length, when the day came, having ended his prayer, looking about him for a long time, he cried out with a loud and vehement voice, three times, "ST. PETER WAS A FOOL!—ST. PETER WAS A FOOL!—ST. PETER WAS A FOOL!" and then came down from the pulpit. Being immediately questioned before the pope concerning the unsuitableness of his behavior, he made this reply: "If, holy father, a cardinal may go to heaven, abounding in wealth honor and preferment, and living at ease, wallowing in sloth and luxury, and seldom or never preaching, St. Peter, certainly was a fool, who took to hard a way of travelling thither, by fasting, preaching, abstinence, and humiliation." The pope could not deny the reasonableness of the reply.



CURIOS DIVORCE.

A Man at Ninfield Stocks in Sussex, (Eng.) lately sold his wife to another man of the same place for the valuable consideration of HALF A PINT OF GIN; but the buyer being in liquor, and the seller wishing to take no unfair advantage of him, consented to take her to bed and board till the next morning; when the purchaser attended to receive her, and to whom she was delivered in due form, with a halter about her neck, in the presence of two witnesses. She appeared mightily delighted with the ceremony, which being over, the hopeful pair departed, filled with joy and expectation from the happy union.



AN E C D O T E.

A Scotch gentleman travelling with his wife and family from the hills of Caledonia towards London, stopped with them at a large tavern in one of the middle counties of England, with a design to refresh—"We'll maister cook," said he, upon entering, "what ha'ye gat in the house that we can ate?" "Damn you," replied the cook, "WHAT HAVE WE GOT IN THE HOUSE THAT YOU CAN'T EAT."

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 27.

BESIDES the account of the SURRENDER of BOIS LE DUC, under the Rotterdam head in this day's Museum, we have other confirmations of its being a fact, via Philadelphia, by an arrival there from Bourdeaux; by which Paris papers are received to the 10th of October.—The following appears under the head of the National Convention:

Transmission of Lille—Oct. 10, in the morning.

"Bois le Duc is in the hands of the Republicans since the 7th inst. The garrison made prisoners of war, shall be exchanged for an equal number of our Republicans, except 408 emigrants, who are to be delivered up, in order to suffer the punishment pronounced by the law.

(Signed)

CHAPPE, Engineer."

From the same source, we are informed that COLOGNE has also fallen into the hands of the French, which place they entered the 3d of October, amid the acclamations of a vast concourse of people. The keys of Cologne, Juiliers, and Aix la Chapelle, have been sent to the Convention, by Gillet, one of their Representatives.

The Swedish brig, Anna Margaretta, Capt. Greve, has arrived at Norfolk, in 51 days from Cowes, England. The Capt. says, That lord Howe's fleet of about 35 ships of the line, besides frigates, sailed from Torbay on the 21st of October, and took a south-west course.

By the ship Bristol, Capt. Derry, arrived here on Thursday evening, in 60 days from L'Orient, by which we learn that the French are victorious in every department of their armies. The large and rich Province of Catalonia, is nearly all in their possession, except Barcelona, which was expected soon would fall.

[The following is copied from the Boston *Centinel*] A PLEASING PROSPECT, Of the triumph of Pacific Measures.

AUTHENTIC.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Europe, to his correspondent in Boston, dated

"London, 11th Oct. 1794.

"Though I often pay my respects to Mr. Jay, when all present are in the American interest, yet none of us could ever get from him any thing respecting the stage or forwardness of his business, and from the necessity alone of the British Cabinet's granting all, and even more than he would at one time have exacted, we have reason to suppose he will bye and bye return back, and be heartily welcomed by his fellow citizens. It is rumored and not without some truth, that the British Cabinet never had a harder or tougher hand to deal with, than Citizen Jay; this, with the critical situation of Great Britain just now, will insure him success; and it has been mentioned in circles where I have been, who are not in the American interest, that Mr. Jay, is embracing the present opportunity, and will obtain the privilege of the currying trade to the West-Indies, so far as that the United States shall have access to all the islands, with free liberty to carry and bring any thing to and from them, they please:—For instance, a vessel not exceeding 120 tons burthen, may go from Boston with a cargo of any thing, to the island of Jamaica; there sell, and purchase a cargo of sugar, and carry it back to Boston, land it, and then, if you please, re-ship it, in any size vessel, and carry it to European market, except Great Britain and Ireland. This point gained, as the United States can carry in

times of peace, for about one half Great Britain can, she will go near to make a monopoly of the carrying business. Although Mr. Jay, as before observed, is close in the extreme, yet from this leaking out of the other party, I hardly doubt it: truth; and as great Britain must be at peace with the United States she will just now grant almost any thing Mr. Jay may demand, and I do not think he will be wanting or sparing in his exertions.

"To attempt to give you a particular account of the political world at this time, would be needless and needless, as you will doubtless have things fully detailed in your own papers; and give me leave to observe, generally, that France is every where successful, and such extraordinary genius and energy does she possess, that if the executive of that country should declare they would, build a bridge from Calais to Dover, I should think it accomplished. Going on for three more as they have for three months past, they will have all the cannon in Europe, and half the merchant vessels of Great Britain. Holland must either make a separate peace or be conquered in all the present month; and in either case, France will have the Dutch navy in her scale, and then, by next spring, she will be both disposed and able to break the back of the British navy; of such importance does France conceive this object to be, that she will not make peace till it is accomplished."

ROTTERDAM, October 12.

Yesterday the news reached us of the surrender of Bois-le-Duc to the French on Thursday last, with the capture of Crevecoeur, and Fort St. Andre, which had been previously evacuated, that the artillery and stores in it might not fall into the hands of the enemy, gives them an uninterrupted possession of the whole Barony of Bois-le-Duc; opens to them the Maele, and facilitates their irruption into the provinces of Nimeguen.

We do not precisely know the cause of the surrender of this important fortress, as it was amply supplied with stores and provisions. The garrison, we understand, were allowed the honors of war, and the same terms of capitulation as were granted to the garrison of Crevecoeur. We also learn, that the surrender was accelerated by a mutiny in the town, some of the inhabitants of which were no doubt sent in long ago by the French, as spies, and to take advantage of circumstances, infested on a capitulation. There is every reason to believe, that nothing but treachery could have thrown this fortress so soon into the hands of the French, who could hardly have been able to continue the siege many days longer, as well on account of the inundation, as the heavy rains which have overflowed the country, and must have been mortally destructive to the besieging army.

We have this day learnt that the French had passed the Maele; but we know nothing of their further proceedings. The Island of Bommel is every where fortified, and a very numerous English garrison has been sent to Tiel, to defend the passage of the Waal near there.

We have yet no particulars of the late unfortunate defeat of Gen. Clairfayt's army; nor have we heard any thing of that wing of it commanded by Gen. Latour, which is said to have suffered most.

We are sorry to learn that the beautiful city of Dusseldorf has been almost wholly destroyed by the fire of the enemy from the opposite banks of the Rhine. It is said that scarcely a house is left standing. The French have advanced to Cologne, where Gen. Souardon has established his head quarters: but Gen. Clairfayt, previous to their reaching that place, had the bridge destroy-

ed. The French have likewise taken possession of Bonn. The Electorates of Juliers and Cologne offer the French vast heaps of plunder. The churches and convents in these two countries are many of them immensely rich.

A proclamation has been issued by the Stadholder, that whoever is in the service of government, and shall quit his post, shall forfeit it, and his goods be confiscated.—Many persons have, however, quitted Holland to go to Hamburg; and many more are packing up their goods to set off. But I have not the least apprehension that the French will be able to make any progress into Holland this campaign.

COURT OF HYMEN. MARRIED

On Sunday evening, the 14th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pilmore, Mr. WILLIAM OGDEN, to Miss MARY MOTT, both of this city.

On Monday evening last, at Elushing, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Faitoute, Mr. WM. PRINCE, jun. to Miss MARY STRATTON, daughter of Mr. Eliphilet Stratton, all of that place.

On Tuesday last, Mr. ARNIBALD ROBERTSON, to Miss ELIZA ABRAMS.

On Wednesday last, at Hempstead, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. GEORGE HENDRICKSON, Merchant of this city, to Miss MARY SMITH, of Jamaica, (L. I.)

T H E A T R E.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.

On MONDAY EVENING, December 29,
Will be presented, a COMEDY, called,

The DRAMATIST:

Or, Stop Him Who Can.

To which will be added, a New Serious Pantomime, (never performed here) called,

Sophia of Brabant:

Or, The FALSE FRIEND.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr Faulkner, at the Box-Office from Ten to Twelve, A. M. and on the Days of Performance from Three to Five P. M. where also Tickets may be had, and at Mr. Gaine's Book-Store, Pearl-Street.

Mr. Patterson's Benefit.

At Mr. Sealy's Long Room, in Courtland-street, No. 7. This Evening the 27th inst. will be presented

The MOCK DOCTOR;

Or, The DUMB LADY CURED.

Between the entertainment and farce, *The NEW BOW WOW*, by Mr. Farlow.

To which will be added the Farce of

The LYING VALET.

Box 4s. Pit 3s. Tickets to be had at J. Harrison's Printing Office No. 3, Peck-slip, and at the place of performance.

Just Received and for Sale at this Office,

CHEAP PICTURES,

Beautifully Coloured, &c.

Books of Landscapes, &c. to draw after.

Also, A great Variety of

Holiday Presents,

For Children.

Hutchins' Improved

ALMANACK,

For 1795.

By the Groce, Dozen or Single.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

P. PARISEN, respectfully informs the public, that he continues to take the most correct likenesses in Miniature, and executes all kinds of devices in hair, agreeable to any fancy, in the most elegant style; he has a machine for taking perfect profile likenesses in black shades, which only requires one moments sitting, and finishes them at the moderate price of one dollar each; gold bracelets, lockets, &c. for Miniatures to be had on the lowest terms, at No. 15, William-street, opposite Sloane-lane, where specimens of his performance may be seen, or at Mr. Cary Dunn's, goldsmith, corner of Maiden-lane and Liberty-street.

December 20.

45 tf.

UNITED STATES LOTTERY, For the improvement of the City of WASHINGTON.

WILL commence drawing in a very few weeks: Tickets may be had by applying at D. DUNHAM'S STORE, No. 26, Moore-Street, near the Elizabeth-Town Ferry, New-York; where Tickets in the last and present Lottery will be carefully examined and Prizes paid.

N. B. Specie given for Jersey Money. 41 1/4

CASTELLI, Italian Stay Maker.

No. 134, Broad-Way, opposite the City Tavern, RETURNS his sincere thanks to the Ladies of this city, for the great encouragement he has received, and hopes to merit a continuance of their favors by due attention, and the strictest punctuality. He continues to make all sorts of stays, Italian shapes, French corset, English stays, silk turn stays, sickling stays, riding stays in the most elegant and newest fashions.

N. B. He has a neat assortment of stays ready made, and ladies may be served in less than ten minutes; He has also received by the last vessel from London, an elegant assortment of goods suitable to his business. Nov. 22. 41-1/4

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and sold at No. 431, Pearl-street, where bakers, grocers and others may be supplied at short notice, and on reasonable terms for cash. 14.

May 22, 1794. WILLIAM CARGILL.
N. B. An APPRENTICE wanted to the above business.

S. L O Y D,

Stay, Mantua-Maker and Milliner. EGGS leave to inform her friends and the public in general, that she carries on the above business in all its branches, at No. 101, Pearl (formerly Great-Dock) street.—She returns her most grateful acknowledgements to her friends for past favors and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favor her with their commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.—Orders from town or country punctually obeyed.

July 20, 1793. 14.

PRINTERS INK.

MANUFACTURED and Sold by Jacob Fee, No. 1, Magazine-street, near the Tea-Water-Pump, New-York. 14.

TWO APPRENTICES

WANTING to the Book Binding Business—Enquire at No. 75, John-street.

WHEREAS John Christopher Ehninger of the city of New-York, distiller, for the securing the payment of two hundred and thirty-three pounds sixteen shillings, current money of New-York, with lawful interest for the same, on or before the thirtieth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine; according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation, bearing date the thirtieth of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight; and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger, unto Jacob Watson, of the said city, merchant; did by Indenture, bearing even date with the said Bond; Mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, in fee all that certain lot or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the outward of the city of New-York, near the fresh water; and known and distinguished in a certain map or chart thereof, made by Evert Bunker, jun. among other lots, by the number one hundred and seventeen, bounded northerly by in front by Cross-street, southerly in the rear by lot one hundred and twelve, late of John Kingdon, easterly by lots numbered from one hundred and six to one hundred and eleven, late of Michael Hufnagle; and westerly by lot number one hundred and eighteen, belonging to the said John Christopher Ehninger, containing in front and rear twenty five feet, and in length on each side, one hundred and fifty feet; together with all and singular the buildings, edifices, easements, rights, members, advantages, hereditaments and appurtenances whatsoever to the said premises belonging or any wise appertaining.

AND whereas the said John Christopher Ehninger, and Catharine his wife, for securing the payment of two hundred and forty-six pounds thirteen shillings and three pence, current money of New-York, with lawful interest, according to the condition of a certain Bond or Obligation, bearing date the 31st day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine; and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger, unto the said Jacob Watson, of the said city, merchant; did by Indenture, bearing date the said thirty-first day of October, in the year aforesaid; Mortgage to the said Jacob Watson, in fee, all that certain dwelling house and two lots or parcels of ground, situate, lying and being in the outward of the city of New-York, near the fresh water; bounded easterly by ground late of Michael Hufnagle, southerly by ground late of John Kingdon, westerly by lot number 119, late belonging to the said John Kingdon, and northerly by Cross-street, containing in breadth in front and rear 50 feet, and in length on each side 150 feet; together with all and singular the rights, members and appurtenances to the same belonging or any wise appertaining.

AND, whereas the said John Christopher Ehninger and Catherine his wife, for securing the payment of One Hundred and fifty-seven pounds fifteen shillings and seven pence of like money with lawful interest according to the condition of a certain bond or obligation bearing date the ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-One, and executed by the said John Christopher Ehninger unto Oliver Hull and John Hull, of the said city, Druggists, did by Indenture, bearing date the ninth day of December, in the year aforesaid, mortgage to the said Oliver Hull and John Hull, the same dwelling house and two lots of ground, herein before mentioned and described. And whereas the said Oliver Hull and John Hull, in, and by a certain instrument in writing indorse on the said last mentioned mortgage, did, for the consideration therein mentioned, bargain, sell,

assign, and set over the said last mentioned bond and mortgage unto the said Jacob Watson. And whereas in and by the said three Indentures, it was covenanted and agreed that in case default should be made in the payment of the said sums of money, in the conditions of the said three bonds mentioned, then it should, and might be lawful to, and for the said Jacob Watson and the said Oliver Hull and John Hull their Heirs and assigns at any time thereafter to sell the said premises at public sale, agreeable to a Law of the state of New-York, and out of the said money arising from such sale to retain the said three sums of money with the interest, together with the costs and charges of such sale, rendering the overplus, if any to the said John Christopher Ehninger, his Heirs, Executors, or administrators, which sale should for ever thereafter be a perpetual bar in law or equity against the said John Christopher Ehninger, his heirs and assigns; and all persons claiming under him of all equity, of all redemption of, in and to the said premises. AND Whereas the said three sums of money and the interest thereof are now due, and owing to the said Jacob Watson. This is therefore to give Notice to the said John Christopher Ehninger, and Catharine his wife; and all other persons concerned, that unless the said sums of money, together with the interest due thereon as aforesaid, are paid, discharged, and satisfied on or before the 19th day of June next ensuing the date hereof. All and singular the Mortgaged premises aforesaid, will be sold at Public Vendue at the Tontine Coffee-House, in the city of New-York, on the said 19th day of June next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, pursuant to the covenants and agreements in the said Indentures of Mortgages contained, and the directions of the statute in such cases made and provided. Dated the 13th of December, 1794. 44-6m.

NOTICE.

BY order of Benjamin Coe, Esquire, first judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Queens-County, in the state of New-York.

NOTICE is hereby given to John Van Lew, late of Flushing, in the County of Queens, and State of New-York, an absent debtor, and all others whom it may concern, that, on application and due proof made to him, the said judge, pursuant to the directions of the Law of the State of New-York, entitled, "An act for relief against abiding and absent debtors;" passed the 4th day of April, in the year 1786. He hath directed all the Estate, real and personal, within the County of Queens, of the said John Van Lew, an absent debtor, to be seized, and that unless the said John Van Lew doth discharge his debts within one year after this Public Notice of such seizure all his Estate, real and personal, will be sold for the payment and satisfaction of his creditors.

Queens-County, March 22, 1794.

14.

GEORGE YOULE,

PLUMBER AND PEWTERER, INFORMS his friends and the public in general, that he has removed from No. 54 to No. 284, Water-street, between Peck and New-slips, where he still continues to carry on his business as usual: viz. making of house leads and scuppers, head and mid-slip pumps, lining of cisterns, gutters, &c. He also makes pewter distil worms, suitable for stills from 10 to 3000 gallons; likewise manufactures spoons and candle moulds of every size, where the public may be supplied in any quantity, and on as reasonable terms as any of his branch of business in New-York.

Dec. 13.

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The Weekly Museum.

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THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE. A TRUE STORY.

[Continued.]

YOUNG Tyrrel was turned of twenty years old, his person was not disagreeable, and he had not neglected his studies; but Lydia could respect him no more than as a near relation; and

months before the letter from the Captain arrived, young Tyrrel got possession of one from Sir William. It mentioned the storm and shipwreck, with an account that he had been driven on the strand by the waves, and though much bruised, crawled out of the reach of the sea; that when day arose he was seized by some Moors, who brought him to Mogadore, where he was kept a slave; that a Jew, who served there as an interpreter in his ransom, ie thousand guineas was paid to the Jew. He then sent to order Mr. Swincer bills for twelve hundred pounds at Cadiz (who from whom the Jew

William Morton being soon remedied; so Tyrrel's purpose, he was taken of this is brother-in-law in the disappointment would therefore treat us. This, with the news from not hearing would soon destroy with impatience for the relate the ship was dead, when the which seemed to put

ed three months, in not been idle. She marriage between her son of the family for property; but the in-beheld her cousin's hopes of gaining that in some legal power her had made a will, b t knew not under

whole charge and guardianship the execution of the will and the custody of Lydia was directed. It was absolutely necessary she should get that will into her possession: but it required the utmost stretch of cunning to obtain it. Mr. Spencer had too much honor and integrity to countenance any fraud or deception.—She therefore would not hazard a trial, that would by its failure risk not only her character, but the success of her whole scheme—some other means were to be tried, and Mrs. Tyrrel's brain, fertile in expedients, was not long at a loss.

From the day she had intercepted Sir William's letter, she began to appear greatly attached to Mr. Spencer. She had him frequently at her house, where he was a welcome guest to Miss Lydia, who greatly esteemed him; and the visit was as frequently returned. Mrs. Tyrrel sometimes went with her niece, and sometimes visited him alone. She cautiously observed in what part of his cabinet he placed his most valuable and important papers, and did not doubt Sir William's Will was one of them. She then appointed an evening when she, her niece, and some other

ladies were to be accompanied to a concert by her son, Mr. Spencer, and a large party; and Mrs. Tyrrel seemed to have formed this design merely as an opportunity to amuse Lydia under her anxiety about her father.

The whole company dined with Mr. Spencer, when, at the moment they were to go to the concert, Mrs. Tyrrel pretended a sudden pain of the head, which rendered her utterly incapable of sharing in the entertainment, whilst she totally refused that the party should be put off on her account, or that any of it should stay with her. She said her disorder would probably go off in a short time; that she would wait the return of the company at Mr. Spencer's and would not go home till the next morning. Lydia requested to stay with her aunt; declaring that not going to the concert would be no disappointment to her, as she was not in a frame of mind to relish that amusement. Mrs. Tyrrel answered, that music was the best compoter of the mind, and she would by no means deprive her of the opportunity; that she would try to compose herself in Mr. Spencer's easy chair, and if she found her head better, she would amuse herself with reading, if he would trust her with the key of his book case.—To this Mr. Swincer readily agreed, gave her his bunch of keys, and ordered his servants not to disturb Mrs. Tyrrel till their return from the concert.

Mrs. Tyrrel had not only gained the point of being left alone in the Cabinet, but besides the key of the book case was on a ring with several others; and she doubted not but that which opened the bureau was one of them. As soon therefore as the company was gone, and she was alone, she bolted the door and began the trial.—The identical key was there, and she actually found the will in one of the drawers, with the cover sealed with four seals impressed with the family arms. She put the important paper into her pocket, not thinking it prudent to examine the contents there; but to stay till she got home when she could contrive to substitute another in its place. To do this would require another opportunity, which must be hastened; and another possession of the key obtained lest the will should be missed: but she was soon released from any difficulty on the latter account, as upon examination she found one of the keys on her own bunch would completely answer her purpose.

Till the company returned she revolved in her mind the different steps she had to take, to prevent any frustration of her design. The first was to prevent Mr. Spencer from sealing the will before she had put another in its place. This she effected, on the return of the company, when she declared a little sleep had completely relieved her head; but as she had given great trouble to him, she insisted that he should go with her the next day to her villa, which, as the public offices would be shut (it being in the Easter holidays) he could do without any prejudice to his business. To this Mr. Spencer consented, and set out with Mrs. Tyrrel and Lydia, the next morning, as soon as breakfast was over.

[To Be Continued in our next.]

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This was fatal news to poor Lydia; for a time she was inconsolable, and then sunk into a settled melancholy, whilst Mrs. Tyrrel and her son inwardly rejoiced at the almost completion of their wishes. Sir William being now dead, his daughter was the undoubted heiress of his fortune, which included that of the late Sir Robert; for there were no males, even in the most distant line, that could pretend to dispute it with her. Mr. Spencer waited on Miss Morton with the will that had been left sealed in his hands, and a day was appointed for opening it. It was foreseen that no specific mention could be made in it of the estate that had devolved to Sir William from the death of his brother; but as there was reason to expect that event, there was no doubt but some regard was paid to that circumstance.

Every one concluded Sir William had perished; but alas! Mrs. Tyrrel well knew to the contrary, though she did not chuse to declare that knowledge. Her son, from the hour he came home, had been a daily attendant on the post-office in the city, to intercept any letters that might be directed to Lydia: above three